The Overall Boys

Eulalie Osgood Grover

F.C.B.

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THE OVERALL BOYS

The
OVERALL BOYS

A First Reader

By EULALIE OSGOOD GROVER

Author of "The Sunbonnet Babies' Primer," "The Outdoor Primer," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY

BERTHA L. CORBETT

The Mother of "The Sunbonnet Babies" and "The Overall Boys"

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

Chicago *New York* *London*

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Edition of 1928

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To

FRANCES GROVER

A real little Sunbonnet Baby

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The Overall Boys

"We are the Overall Boys"

Oh, we are the Overall Boys!
We work.
We play.
We eat.
We sleep.
We make all sorts of noise.

"We make all sorts of noise"

Yes, we are the Overall Boys!
I am Jack.
I am Joe.
I am Tim.
I am Ted.
We all are Overall Boys.

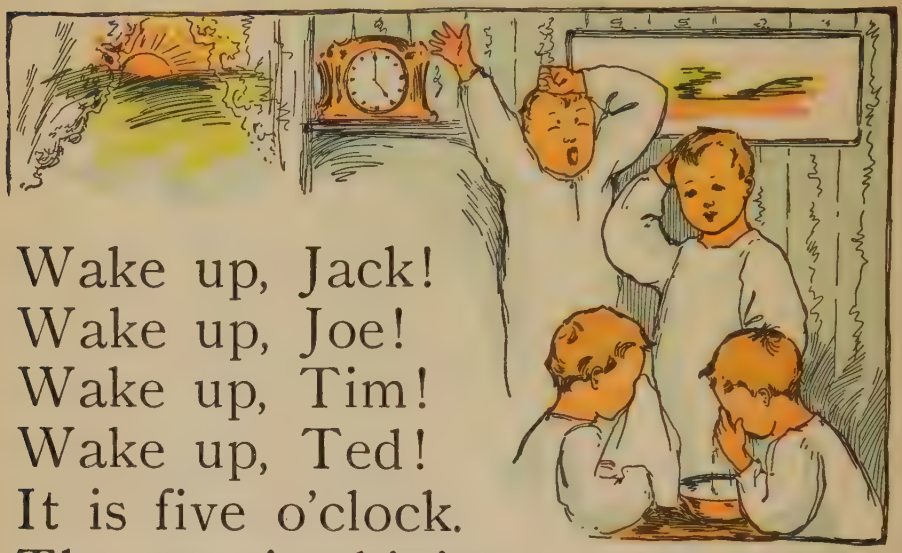
There are one, two, three, four of us.
Sometimes we are called "Little One, Two, Three, and Four."
But these are not our real names.
You know our real names.
We are Jack and Joe and Tim and Ted.
We always wear big hats.
We always wear long overalls.
That is why we are called "The Overall Boys."
We live in a big house.
The house is in a big yard.
The yard is on a big farm.
The farm is as big as the world.
We know it is.
We have fine times on our farm.

"We pick the first apples"

We do all sorts of things.
We find the first flowers.
We know where they like to grow.
We see the first birds.
We know where they build their nests.
We pick the first apples.
We always know which are sweet.

Will you come to the farm to see us?
We will take you out to the barn.
We will show you the cows.
Some of the cows are red.
Some of the cows are white.
We will show you the horses.
We will show you the chickens.
We have hundreds and hundreds of chickens.
There are little yellow chickens.
There are little white chickens.
There are little black chickens.
Oh, we have all sorts of chickens.
We will show you our garden.
We will tell you all that we do.
Then you will know how farmer-boys live.

On the Farm



Wake up, Jack!
Wake up, Joe!
Wake up, Tim!
Wake up, Ted!
It is five o'clock.
The sun is shining.
It is time little farmer-boys were out of bed.
The men have gone to milk the cows.
You must carry the pails to them.
The cows will never be milked if you stay in bed all day.
So get up, boys!

It was mamma who called.
She knew the boys would get up quickly.
In five minutes they had their overalls on.
They had their big hats on.
They were running down stairs.
They ran two steps at a time; all but little Ted, who could go only one step at a time.
They were shouting, "Good-morning, mamma dear!
Where are the milk-pails?
We will take them to the barn."

"We are the milk-pail boys"

Then away they all ran, four little boys and four big milk-pails.

They shouted all the way,

"Oh, we are the milk-pail boys!
We carry the pails to the barn.
We give the pails to the men.
The men cannot milk without our pails.
Yes, we are the milk-pail boys."

"Now we have something else to do,"

Little One, Two, Three, and Four
ran into the barn.
They gave the pails to the men.
The men said they had come just
in time.
The cows said, "Moo-oo!"
But the boys did not stop.
They had something else to do.
They would not tell what it was.
And away they ran again.

"First Jack looked over the fence"

The boys ran straight to the chicken-yard.
They did not shout now.
Oh, no! they were very still.
They did not even whisper.
They climbed up on a box by the fence.
They did not make a bit of noise.

First, Jack looked over the fence.
Then Joe looked over the fence.
Then Tim looked over the fence.
Then Ted looked over the fence.
"Oh, dear," said Jack. "What
smart chickens!
They are every one wide awake.
We never can get up first.
I wish we could be as smart as
the chickens just once.
They must be hungry, they are
up so early.
See, they are looking for some-
thing to eat.
Let's give them their breakfast."
So the little boys jumped down.
They ran back to the house to
get the chickens' breakfast.

"Then Tim shouted"

It did not take long to feed the chickens.
Then Tim shouted, "The cows are in the yard, boys.
We must drive them to pasture."
And little Ted shouted, "We must drive the cows to pasture."
And Bob shouted, "Bow-wow, bow-wow!"
Bob was the dog you know.

The boys drove the cows to pasture. Bob went with them.
The pasture was on a hillside.
It was a beautiful hillside.
The cows liked to go there.
Soon the cows were eating their breakfast.
What do you think they had for breakfast?
They had green grass and sweet clover.
They ate all they wanted.
Then they went down to the river.
Some of the cows walked right into the river.
They liked to wet their feet.
They liked to drink the cold water.
They all said, "Moo-oo!"

"Hurry, boys!" shouted Joe.
"We shall be late to our breakfast.
The chickens have had their breakfast.
The cows are having their breakfast.
We must give Bob his breakfast.
Then we can have ours."
"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" cried Ted.
"Where is Bob?
Bob, Bob, come here!
Come here, if you want your breakfast."
"Look!" said Joe. "There he is.
Bad Bob! He is barking at the birds. I think he is hungry.
Come and get your breakfast, Bob.
We are hungry, too."

Making Hay

"We're going to make hay"

Good-morning, good-morning,
Good-morning we say.
We're off to the meadow,
We're going to make hay.

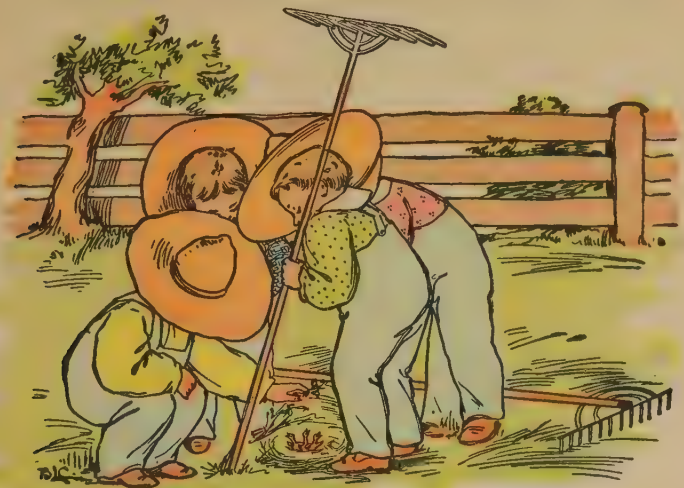
Do you know how to make hay?
The Overall Boys can tell you how to make it.
They help to make hay every summer.
They think it is fun.
They are on their way to the meadow now.
They are riding on the horses' backs.
Jack and Joe are on one horse.
Tim and Ted are on the other horse.
The horses are hitched to a wagon.
The wagon will soon be full of sweet hay.
Then the boys will ride home on the hay.

Tom is hitched to a mowing-machine.
Jack is shouting, "Go on, old Tom!
We must mow all the grass on this meadow.
We must mow it all this morning.
So go on, old Tom!
Now we have been around the meadow once.
You are doing finely, old Tom.
We shall soon be done.
Then I will help the boys.
Now we have been around the meadow twice.
See, the boys are tossing the grass that we have cut.
They want it to dry fast.
How sweet it smells!"

"Go on, old Tom!"

"Do you like to mow grass, old
Tom?
I think you do. I know I do.
It is fun to ride on this high
machine.
Now we are done.
How many times have we been
around the meadow?
I am sure I don't know."

"Oh, boys, come here! come quick!
See what I have found!" shouted Ted.
Ted was raking hay on one side of the meadow.
Jack and Joe and Tim were on the other side of the meadow.
How they ran when they heard Ted shout!
And what do you think they saw?
Why, they saw a little bird's nest!
It was built in the tall grass.
There were three baby birds in the nest.
Their mouths were wide open.
They were calling for their mamma bird.



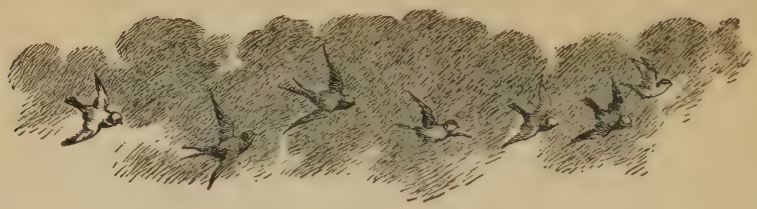
"See what I have found!"

"My mowing-machine almost ran over the nest," said Jack.
"It might have killed the little birds.
I think old Tom knew the nest was here.
We won't let anything hurt the birds, will we, boys?
They will soon be big enough to fly away."

The grass is dry.
It is hay now.
It is ready to be put in the barn.
Jack and Tom cut the grass.
They cut it with the big mowing-machine.
Joe and Tim and Ted tossed it.
Then all the boys raked it.
They raked it into round piles.
They call the piles haycocks.
Now the wagon has come.
Jack is driving the horses.
The men are putting the hay into the wagon.
The boys are treading it down.
They like to jump on the hay.
In a minute Jack will drive to the next haycock.

"Riding on the hay"

At last the wagon is full of hay.
Jack is driving to the barn.
The men will pack the hay away in the barn.
Then off they will go to fill the wagon again.
Little One, Two, Three, and Four think it is fine fun.



THE RAIN

The clouds are black,
The winds do blow,
The horses neigh,
The birds fly low.

Come, boys, work fast,
It's going to rain!
Quick to the barn
And back again.

Drive fast, my boys,
Make the horses run!
The hay will get wet,
The rain has begun.

Going Camping

One day papa said to the boys,
"Well, boys, our haying is done.
What shall we do next?"
Then all the boys shouted, "Go camping! go camping!"
And papa said, "All right, boys.
We will go camping!
I think mamma will go, too.
Run and ask her."
So away the boys ran to find mamma.
They found her in the garden.
They almost ran over her, they were running so fast.
"Oh, mamma, we are going camping!" they all shouted at once.
"Papa is going with us.
Will you go, too, mamma dear?"

"Of course I will go," said mamma.
"I like to go camping as well as my boys.
I will go to the house now and get ready."
"We will all help you get ready," said the boys.
"Papa is fixing the tents.
What can we do?"
"I will find the fish-rods," said Jack.
"I will dig some potatoes," said Joe.
"I will pick some peas," said Tim.
"I will hunt for eggs," said Ted.
"And I will make some bread," said mamma.
Then they all began to get ready.
Oh, how hard they worked!

"Now we are off!"

Now we are off!
We are going camping.
Are we all here?
There are papa and mamma.
Here are Jack and Joe and Tim
and Ted.
And there is Bob, the dog.
Bob likes to go camping.
Hear him bark!
Yes, we are all here.

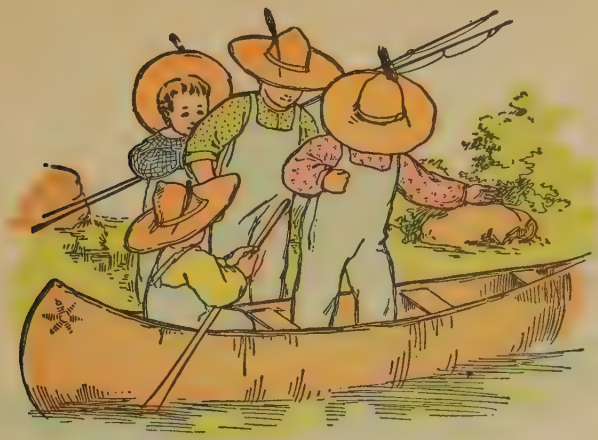
We must put these things in our carriage.
How can we get them all in?
We have good things to eat.
We have fish-rods and baskets.
And we have two big tents.
We are going to sleep in the tents.
We are going to sleep out in the woods.
Won't that be fun!
Papa and Jack and Joe will sleep in one tent.
Mamma and Tim and Ted will sleep in the other tent.
We shall not be afraid.
Oh, no! We like to sleep in the woods.

"Here is a fine place for our tents under these trees," said papa.
"The rain will not hurt us here.
The woods are all around us.
And see, there is a river.
We can get water from the river.
We can fish in the river, too.
Find some wood, boys.
We must make a fire."
"All right," said the boys.
"We can find all the wood you want."
So off the boys ran as fast as they could go.
In five minutes they were back again.
Their arms were full of dry wood.
Then they made a big camp fire.

"We are four wild Indians"

Hurrah for our fire!
Let's dance around it.
Let's play that we are Indians.
Let's frighten papa and mamma.
We are Indian Jack and Indian Joe
and Indian Tim and Indian Ted.
We are four wild Indians.
Hurrah for our camp fire!
Hurrah! Hurrah!

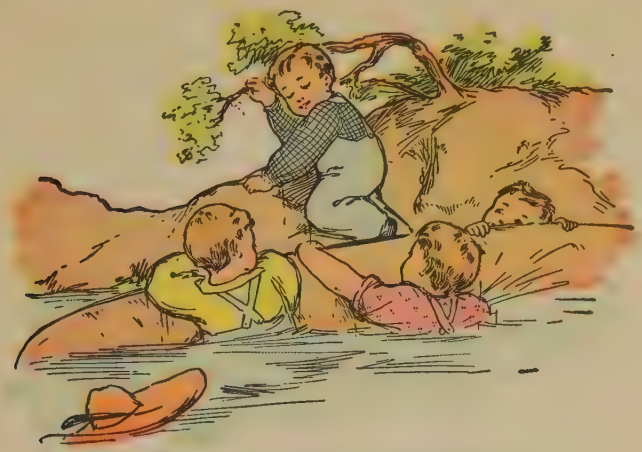
"What do I see?" said papa the next morning.
"One little Indian, two little Indians, three little Indians, four little Indians.
Yes, I see four little Indians.
They are sleeping in our tents.
What shall we do?
I wonder if they will hurt us?"
"If we are good to them they will not hurt us," said mamma.
"I will get them some breakfast.
Indians are always hungry."
So mamma got the little Indians some breakfast.
She cooked it over the camp fire.
Then they all sat down on the ground and ate it.



"We are going fishing"

"Come on!" shouted Indian Jack.
"Let's go fishing."
"Come on!" shouted Indian Joe.
"Let's fish in the river."
"Here is our canoe," shouted Indian Tim.
"We will catch some fish for our dinner," shouted Indian Ted.
"Oh, we are going fishing!" shouted the four little Indians.

The little Indian boys fished all the morning.
They kept very still.
They did not talk.
They did not even whisper.
If they talked it would frighten the fish.
They caught their basket full of fine big fish.
But it was hard to keep so still.
At last Indian Ted whispered, "Let's go back to camp, boys.
I can't keep still any longer.
I am going to shout."
Then they all shouted.
They shouted just like four wild Indians.
And what do you think happened?



This is what happened

Yes, the canoe tipped over.
The boys fell into the river.
The fish fell into the river, too.
The boys got out again.
But they could not get the fish.
"We will not be Indians any longer," they said.
"We would rather be Overall Boys.
Let's pick berries for our dinner."

The boys picked berries.
They climbed trees.
They peeped into birds' nests.
They played with the squirrels.
They went swimming in the river.
They rode in their canoe.
They went fishing.
They played hide-and-seek among the trees.
They hunted for dry wood.
They built camp fires.
They slept every night in their tents.
They lived in the woods a whole week.
Then they went home.
And mamma said they looked just like four little brown Indians.

Down by the Ocean

"What a big, big ocean!"

Jack: Don't be afraid, Ted.
The water won't hurt you.
Ted: I am not afraid, Jack.
But what a big, big ocean it is!
Tim: I should like to know where
all the water comes from.
Joe: I know where it comes from.
Ted: Where, Joe? Please tell us.
Joe: It comes from the rain and
the rivers.

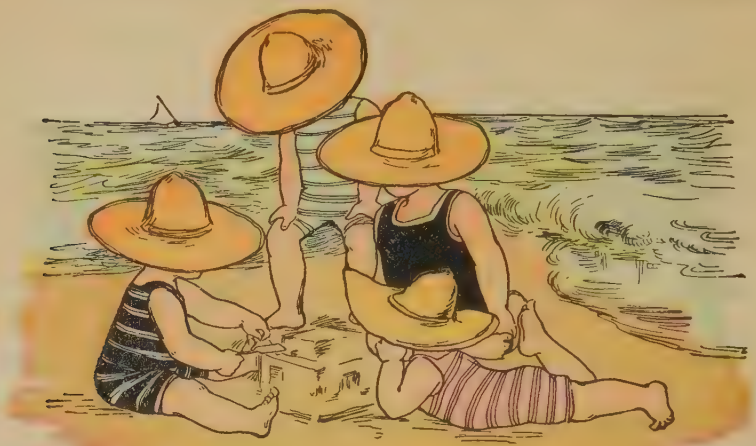
Tim: But how does so much water get right *here?*

Joe: Why, some of it is taken up in clouds on the other side of the world. The wind blows the clouds until they reach our ocean. Then the rain falls.

Jack: Yes, and some of the water sinks into the ground very far away. At last it reaches the ocean. Sometimes big rivers flow under the ground into the ocean.

Tim: Perhaps our river in the woods flows into the ocean.

Ted: I wish we could find the fish we lost. Do you think they will swim into the ocean?



"We are building a city in the sand"

Joe: I know something fine to do, boys.

Tim: What is it, Joe?

Joe: Let's build a city in the sand.

Jack: Yes, let's build it right here. This point is just big enough for a little city.

Ted: It looks like an island. See, the water is almost all around us.

Jack: We will dig the sand out for the streets, then the water will flow in.

Tim: Horses and carriages cannot go on these streets. We must make some little canoes.

Ted: The canoes will go up and down the water streets. Oh, what fun!

Jack: We must build a wall around our city. Then the ocean cannot hurt it.

Joe: Now our city is built.

Jack: Come on, old Ocean! You cannot hurt our city.

Ted: There is a high wall all around it. Come on, old Ocean!

"Our city is washed away"

Tim: Look, boys, look! Old Ocean is coming.

Joe: He is going to wash our city away. See, one side of the wall has gone.

Jack: And there goes the other side!

Ted: Oh, the whole city is washed away!

Tim: Now, old Ocean is after us. Run, boys, run!

"We are not afraid"

Jack: Take hold of hands, boys.

Joe: Let's march straight for that big wave.

Tim: We are not afraid. One, two, three, jump!

Ted: What a strong wave that was! It took us right off our feet.

Joe: It threw us back as if we were four balls.

Jack: Let's try it again, boys.

Ted: Look at the big sunbonnets!

Jack: Oh, oh! Molly and May are coming.

Tim: They don't want the sun to shine in their faces.

Joe: See, they have a basket with them. I hope there is something to eat in it.

Ted: Let's run to meet them.

Jack: Hello, Molly and May! We are so glad you have come! We want you to go sailing with us.

Molly: Oh, thank you! We have come down to the shore to have a picnic dinner.

May: But we should like to go sailing first.

The "Sunbonnet Baby"

Molly: What a fine sailboat this is! It looks like a big, white bird.

May: May I hold the sail, Jack?

Jack: Yes, May, the Captain will let you help.

May: Oh, how fast we are going! I feel as if I were flying.

Jack: Look, we are sailing right by that little canoe.

Joe: Good-by, little canoe!

Molly: A sailboat is better than a canoe, isn't it?

Tim: Yes, ever so much better.

Joe: A canoe is fine on a river, but a sailboat is better on the ocean.

Jack: Guess what we have named our sailboat.

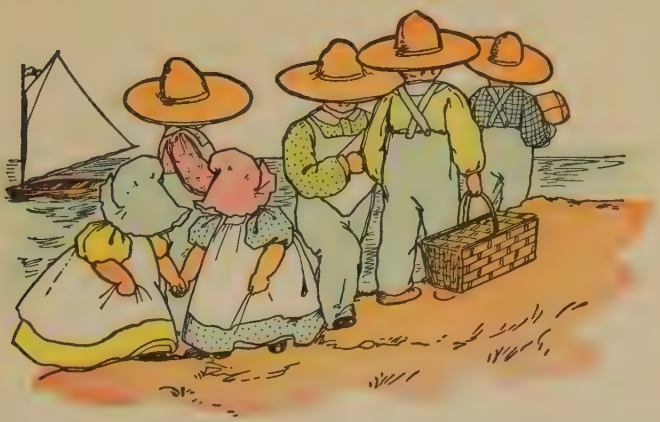
Molly: I know, Jack. You have named her "Sunbonnet Baby."

Joe: Yes, you are right.

May: That is a good name for her. The sail is her big sunbonnet.

Ted: Her sunbonnet keeps the sun off from us, doesn't it?

Joe: It makes the boat go, too. The wind blows on the sail and then we go fast.



"We are going to eat our dinner in the woods"

Ted: See that high hill.

May: And see the big trees.

Jack: What a fine place to eat our dinner!

Molly: Yes, let's eat it under the trees.

Ted: We must climb up the high shore.

Joe: Hurrah! We are going to eat our dinner in the woods.

"We are all so hungry!"

May: Molly and I will get the dinner, won't we, Molly?

Molly: Yes, but the boys must build a fire for us.

Jack: All right, we will build a real camp fire.

Molly: Then we will cook some eggs for you.

May: We will not tell you all the good things we have.

Ted: Please hurry! I am so hungry.

Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel

" The squirrels are gathering nuts"

One day the Overall Boys were in the woods.
They were gathering nuts.
Their baskets were almost full when Jack whispered, "Look, boys, there are Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel. They are gathering nuts, too."

"Let's watch and see where they carry them. Perhaps they will show us their nest," said Ted.

So the boys lay down on the ground.

They lay right on their stomachs.

They kept very still.

And this is what they saw:

Mrs. Squirrel ran up a tall tree.

She ran way out on a long branch.

She looked all around to see if anybody was watching.

She did not see the boys.

So she bit a nut off the tree.

Then she put the nut in her mouth and ran quickly down again.

Mrs. Squirrel on the fence

Mrs. Squirrel ran very, very fast. "She is going to take the nut home," thought the boys. "Now we shall see where she lives."

But she did not run far.

She ran only to the next big tree.

She ran a little way up the tree and then looked all around.

She did not see anything to be afraid of, so down she ran.

This time she ran to a fence.

She jumped up on the fence.
Then she stopped and looked all around once more.
But in a minute she was off again.
She ran along the fence to an old tree. There she disappeared.
"Her home is in that tree," whispered Joe. "There is a great hole in the side of the tree. Let's see if Mr. Squirrel goes there, too. He has been watching her."
Mr. Squirrel was running about under the trees.
He was picking up the little nuts and eating them very fast.
But he kept one eye on Mrs. Squirrel all the time.

When Mrs. Squirrel disappeared, Mr. Squirrel ran up a big tree.
He looked all around just as she had done, to see if anybody was watching.
Then he made a long jump to the next tree and disappeared.
"How shy squirrels are!" said Jack. "They would not show us where they live for anything. Let's give them some of our nuts. Then they will know that we are their friends."
So each of the boys left a handful of nuts beside the old tree.
Then they ran home.

The next morning the boys were playing in the barn.

"Hark!" whispered Tim. "The squirrels are in our corn-bin. I can hear them."

Just then two squirrels ran out. Their mouths were full of corn. They ran fast to the wood-house. The boys saw them often after that. They saw them run under the wood-house.

The squirrels always had corn or nuts in their mouths.

Jack said, "I think the squirrels are moving to our wood-house. Let's help them."

So the boys put nuts where the squirrels could find them.

"The squirrel will eat from our hands"

Soon the squirrels were not at all afraid.

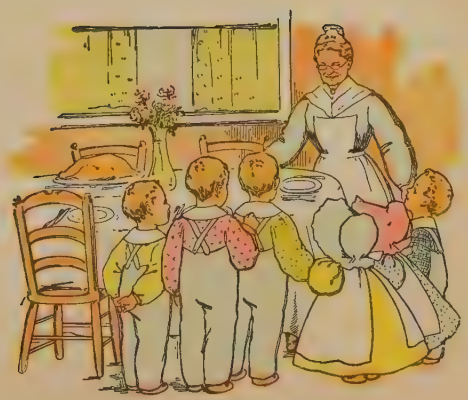
They would take the nuts right out of the boys' hands.

One day Mrs. Squirrel ran up Jack's back.

He gave her a nut and she sat on his shoulder and ate it.

The squirrels lived under the wood-house all winter.

Thanksgiving Day



Jack: To-morrow is Thanksgiving Day.

Tim: We are going to have all sorts of good things to eat.

Ted: What is Thanksgiving Day, Jack? Why don't we have turkey to eat every day?

Jack: Haven't you ever heard about the first Thanksgiving Day, Ted?

Ted: No, Jack, tell us about it.

Jack: All right. Let's sit under this big tree. I will tell you a true story.

Joe: Wait just a minute, Jack. I want some of our nuts to eat.

Tim: Bring us some, too, Joe.

Joe: Now we are ready, Jack.

"I will tell you a true story"

JACK'S STORY

Long, long ago no white people
lived in America.
It was the home of Indians.
But one day a big sailboat came.
It was called "The Mayflower."
There were one hundred white
people on "The Mayflower."
They had come from the other side
of the ocean.

"The Indians lived in wigwams"

The white people had been on the ocean one hundred days.
I think they were glad to reach land at last.
But they did not find any houses.
They saw only Indians and woods.
The Indians lived in wigwams.
A wigwam is something like a tent, you know.
It was almost winter and very cold.

"The white people built houses of trees"

The people cut down trees to build their houses and make their fires.
They were afraid of the Indians.
The Indians were afraid of the white people.
The winter was very long.
Sometimes they were cold.
Sometimes they were hungry.
Half of the people died.

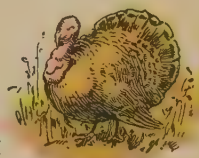
In the spring some good Indians came to help them.
The Indians showed them how to plant corn.
They would not let the bad Indians hurt them.

When fall came the people were happy again.
Their corn had grown fast.
They had good houses.
And they had enough to eat.
"We must have a day of thanksgiving," they said.
"We must thank God for being so good to us. We will have a fine dinner. And we will ask the good Indians to come to eat it with us."

That was the first Thanksgiving Day.

Ever since then the people of America have had a Thanksgiving Day once a year.

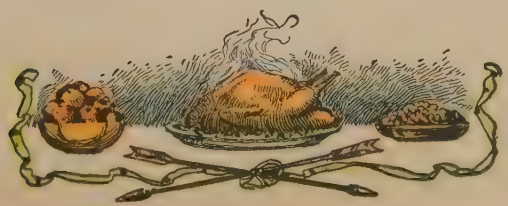
That is why we are to have a Thanksgiving Day to-morrow.

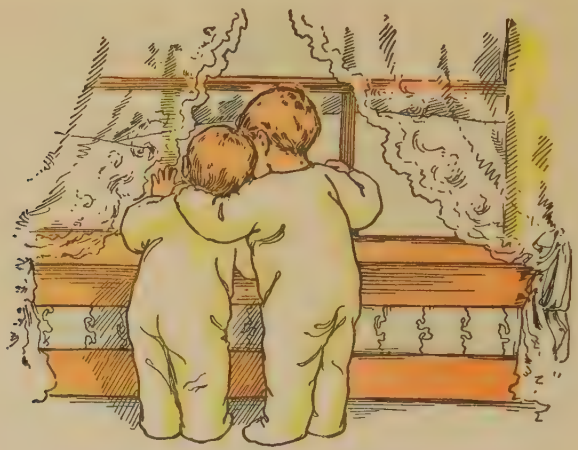


Tim: What a fine story!

Ted: Did those people have turkey for their dinner, Jack?

Jack: Yes, they had wild turkey. They had nuts and wild apples too.





"See what happened last night"

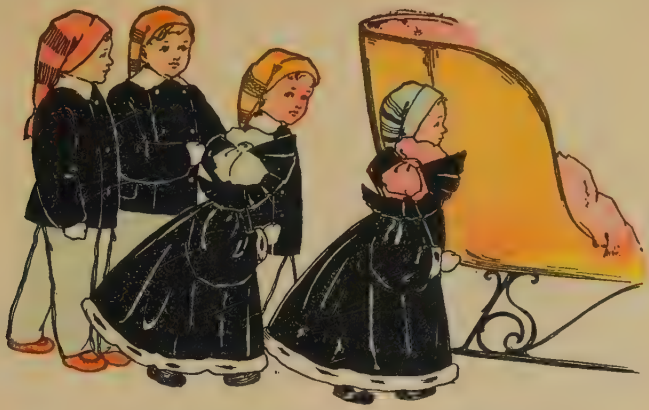
Tim: Wake up, boys!
See what happened last night.

Ted: Oh, oh! The ground is all covered with snow.

Tim: We shall have to go to grandfather's in a sleigh.

Ted: Won't that be fun!

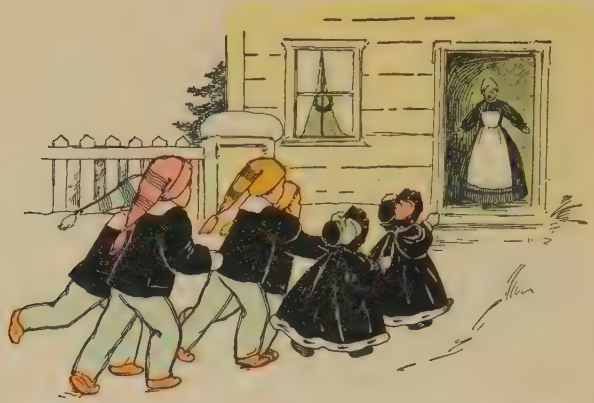
Tim: We must take Molly and May with us. What a fine Thanksgiving Day this is!



"The horse knows the way"

All: "Over the river and through
the wood,
To grandfather's house we go;
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted
snow.

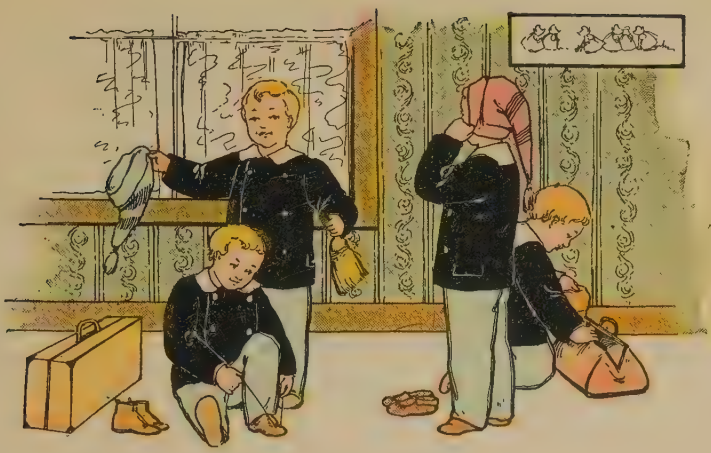
Over the river and through the
wood—
Oh, how the wind does blow!



"Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!"

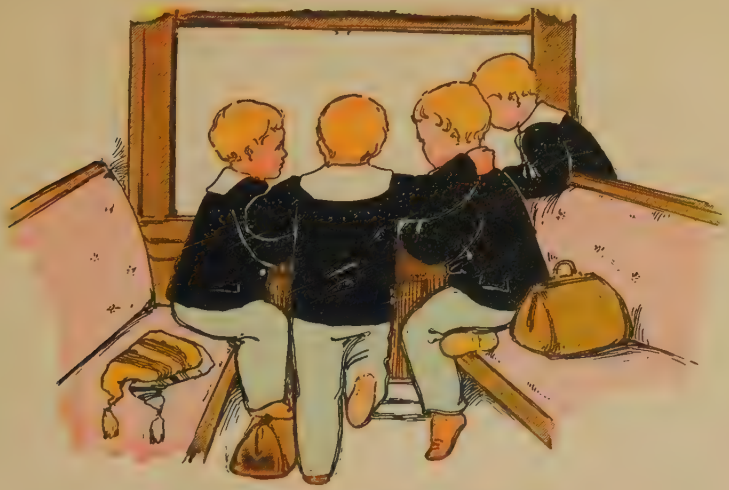
"It stings the toes
And bites the nose
As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the wood—
Now grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!"



A Visit to the City

Not long after Thanksgiving Day
mamma said, "Papa and I are
going to the city, boys.
How many of you would like to
go with us?"
"I! I! I! I!" shouted every boy.
"We all want to go to the city.
It is fun to ride on the steam cars.
Hurrah, hurrah for the city!"
So the boys began to get ready.
They put on their best overalls.
They put on their best shoes.
They put on their best hats.
They said good-by to the horses.
They said good-by to the chickens.
They said good-by to their dog.
They told them all that they were
going to the big, big city.



"We are going to the city"

GOOD-BY TO THE COUNTRY

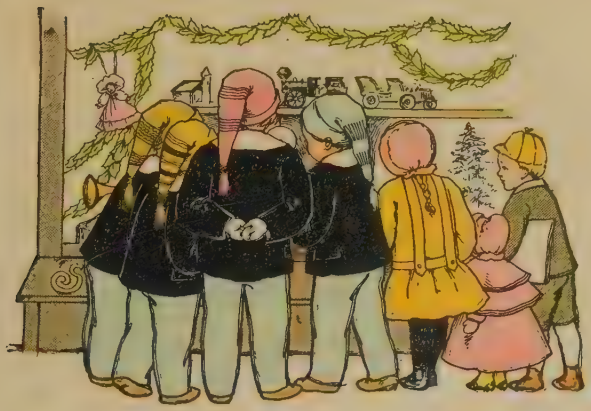
We're flying along,
By fences and trees,
By houses and churches,
By meadows and seas.
We're off to the city.
Now hear us all cry:
Good-by to the country,
Good-by, good-by!

The boys rode on the cars all day.
Then they came to the city.
What a noisy city it was!
There were carriages all around.
There were people everywhere.
The boys kept close to their papa.
They were afraid they would get lost.
It was night, but it was very light.
There were lights in all the windows.
There were lights along all the streets.
It was almost as light as day.
Somebody put them into a fine carriage.
Then they were driven along the lighted streets to a big hotel.

"Where are we going?"

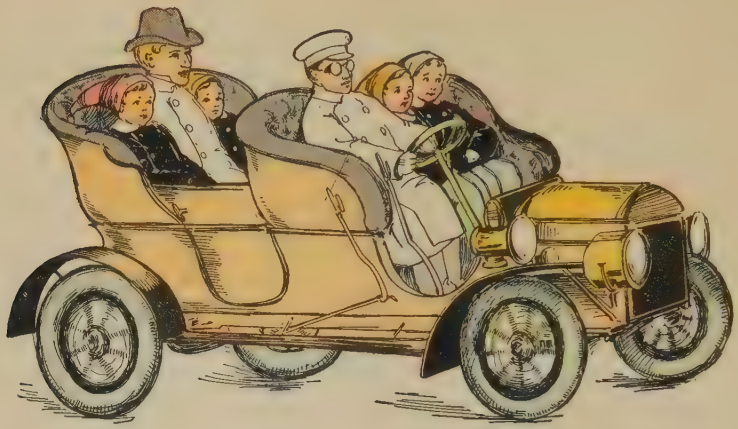
They were put into a big box.
A man shut the door and up they went.
"Oh, where are we going?
What are we in?" cried Ted.
"Don't be frightened, Ted. We are in an elevator," said mamma.
"We are going up to our rooms.
Don't you think this is better than walking up so many stairs?"

The next morning the boys were awake early.
Tim shouted, "Come quick, boys!
Look out of this window.
See how high up we are.
That elevator took us almost up to the sky."
"Please hurry, mamma," said Ted.
"We want to go down to the street."
"Yes, we want to see the store windows," said Jack.
"We want to see what Santa Claus is getting ready for Christmas."
"All right," said mamma.
"Here is the elevator."
Then—whiz! whiz!—and they were on the street.



"They looked at the store windows"

What a happy morning that was!
The Overall Boys walked up and down the wide streets.
They looked at the big windows.
Other boys and girls looked, too.
Santa Claus had filled the windows with Christmas presents.
The boys hoped Santa Claus would not forget to send them some presents.

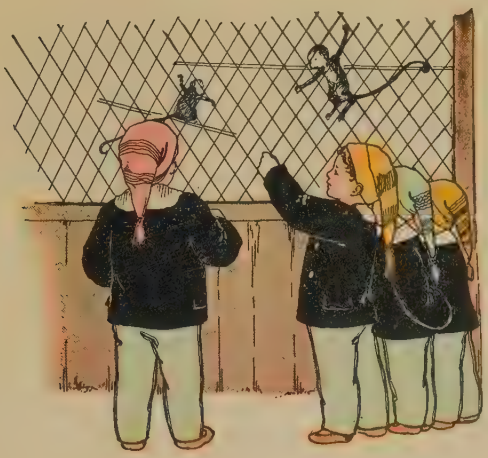


"A queer carriage"

One day after dinner papa said,
"Come on, boys, we are going to have a ride.
A big carriage is waiting for us at the door.
See what a queer carriage it is.
It goes without the help of horses.
It is called an automobile.
That is a queer name, isn't it?
Jump in, boys, jump in!"

So they all jumped into the carriage.
There were papa and Jack and Joe and Tim and Ted and the driver.
Ted thought it was queer to have a driver and no horses to drive.
Tim was sure the automobile would not go.
But Jack said, "Wait and see."
Down the city street they went.
By the big stores, by all the people, out into the country, away, away.
Back again they came as fast as they went.
"What a fine automobile!" was all they could say.

One day the boys visited a park in the city.
The park was as large as their papa's whole farm.
There were many trees and flowers and little lakes in it.
Queer animals lived in the park.
The boys liked to watch the animals.
They were not like the animals on their farm.
Many of them were wild animals.
Some were kept in big cages so they could not get away.
They made very queer noises.
They did very queer things.
The boys gave them nuts and apples to eat.



"They fed the monkeys"

There was a house full of little monkeys.
Some pretty white rats lived in another house.
Queer fish lived in the lakes.
There were elephants and bears.
And there were beautiful birds.
The boys called the park a very queer farmyard.

At last the steam cars carried the boys back to the farm.

"What did you like best in the city, boys?" asked papa.

"I liked the park and the animals best," said Jack.

"I liked the automobile best," shouted Joe.

"I liked the store windows best," said Tim.

"I liked the elevator that went *whiz* up and down," said Ted.

"But we like our dear old farm, with the cows and the horses, better than the city, don't we, boys?" said papa.

"Yes, sir!" shouted all the boys. Then away they ran to the barn.

Christmas Day

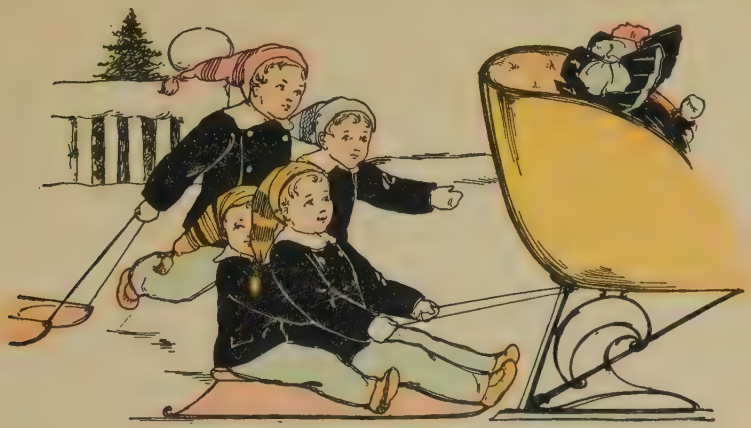
It was the day before Christmas.
The sun was shining.
The air was cold.
The ground was all covered with snow.
Everybody was very busy.
They were getting ready for the Christmas party.
"Come, boys," said papa.
"I wish you would help me get the Christmas tree.
We must go to the woods for it."
"I know where there is a fine tree," said Jack.
"It is a little fir tree.
It is just right for a Christmas tree.
I will show you where it is."

"Our Christmas tree"

Here is our Christmas tree.
Papa cut it down for us.
Joe and I are taking it home.
We are strong.
We are going to stand the tree
up in the parlor.
Santa Claus is coming to-night.
If our tree is ready he will fill it
with presents.
We must hurry.

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!"

"Merry Christmas, mamma!"
shouted the boys.
"It is Christmas morning at last.
Has Santa Claus been here?
Let's go into the parlor and see."
"Wait until the Sunbonnet Babies
come," said mamma.
"Then we will all go in.
I know Santa Claus has put some-
thing on the tree for us all."



"We are having a fine ride"

"There are Molly and May!"
shouted the boys.
"They are coming to the Christ-
mas party.
Let's run to meet them.
Merry Christmas, Molly!
Merry Christmas, May!
You are just in time.
May we ride on the back of your
sleigh?"

THE CHRISTMAS DANCE

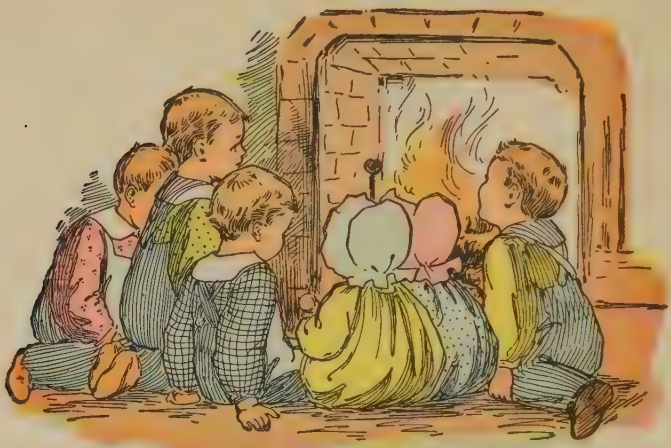
Dance around the Christmas tree,
Dance and sing! dance and sing!
Santa Claus has filled it full,
All that he could bring.

Presents here for every one,
Jack and Joe, Ted and Tim,
Molly and May, papa and mamma;
Here's a cheer for him:

Hurrah! hurrah for Santa Claus!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

"Dance around the Christmas tree"

Hurrah! hurrah for Santa Claus!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!



"A true story"

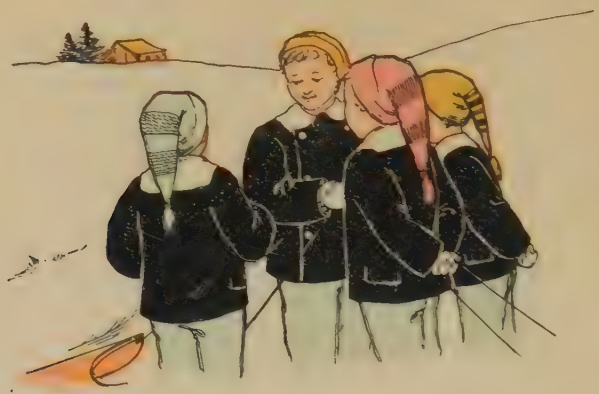
"Come here, Overall Boys," said papa.
"Come here, Sunbonnet Babies.
Sit on the floor by this open fire.
I will tell you a true story.
Do you want to hear about the first Christmas day?"
"Oh, yes, yes, yes!" shouted six happy voices.
"Please tell us a Christmas story."

"Once upon a time very, very long
ago, something happened.
It was longer ago than you can
even think.
It happened on the same day of
the year as this.
And the day has been called
Christmas Day ever since.
This is the way it happened:

Some shepherds were on a hill.
They were watching their sheep.
It was night.
It was very dark and still.
Suddenly they heard a voice.
It came from the sky.
Suddenly they saw a bright light.
It was all around them.

The voice said, 'Be not afraid! Be glad! The Christ Child is born this day. Go to the city. You shall find him in a manger.'
Then the shepherds heard beautiful singing.
In a moment the singing was gone.
The voice was gone.
The bright light was gone.
So the shepherds went to the city.
They found the Child lying on some hay in a manger.
They loved him, he was so good and so beautiful.
Ever since then we have kept this Child's birthday.
We call it Christmas Day."

Old Uncle John



"Santa Claus forgot Uncle John"

Tim: I think it is too bad!

Joe: What is too bad, Tim?

Tim: Why, Uncle John did not have a single Christmas present. He just told me so.

Ted: Santa Claus must have forgotten him.

Joe: Poor old Uncle John! He lives all alone on the hill. He is so lame he cannot work.

Tim: He can't see well and he can't hear well. I have to shout to him when we talk.

Joe: I wish we could do something for him.

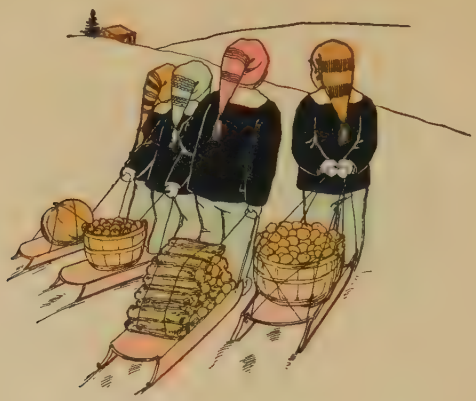
Jack: I know what we can do, boys.

Ted: What, Jack?

Jack: We can play that we are Santa Claus' boys. Santa could not bring Uncle John's presents on Christmas Day, so he will send them by us on New Year's Day.

Tim: Good! We will put the presents on our new sleds.

Joe: Then we will take them up the hill and leave them on Uncle John's doorstep.



"We are Santa Claus' boys"

Joe: We are Santa Claus' boys. We are going up to Uncle John's house. I have a basket of potatoes for him.

Jack: I have a big pile of wood and a bag of Christmas candy.

Tim: I have a basket of apples.

Ted: And I have a big, yellow pumpkin. How surprised Uncle John will be!

"These are presents for Uncle John"

Joe: Off go the potatoes.

Tim: Off go the apples.

Ted: Off goes the big pumpkin.

Jack: Off goes the wood, and here is the bag of candy.

Joe: Where is our letter? Be quick, Jack!

Jack: Here it is. I will put it on the basket of potatoes, then we must run.

"Ha! ha! I have a letter"

Jack: Look, boys, Uncle John has found the presents.

Tim: He is reading our letter. I can hear him.

Ted: He does not know that we are here.

Joe: No, he cannot see us behind this high fence.

Tim: Just hear him laugh!

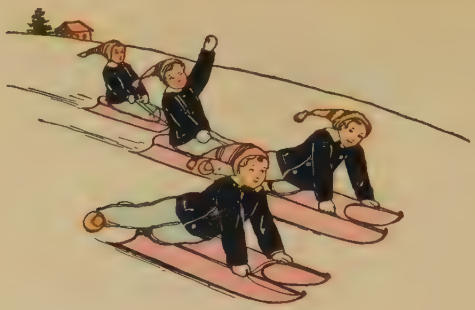
THE LETTER

A happy New Year
To dear Uncle John!
His presents have come,
Though Christmas has gone.

Here's a basket of apples,
Potatoes, and wood,
And a bag of red candy,
We know it is good.

Old Santa was busy
And so could not come,
But he sent his four boys—
And now we must run.

FROM SANTA CLAUS' BOYS.



"Good-by, Uncle John"

Tim: That was fine fun! I like to be one of Santa Claus' boys.

Joe: How happy Uncle John looked!

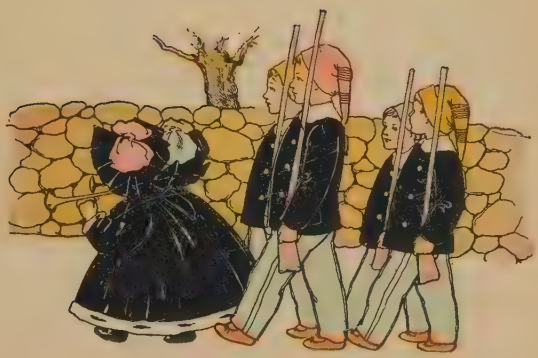
Jack: How he laughed when he read our letter!

Ted: Did you hear him call to us?

Tim: Yes, he said, "Hurrah for Santa Claus' boys! A happy New Year to you all."

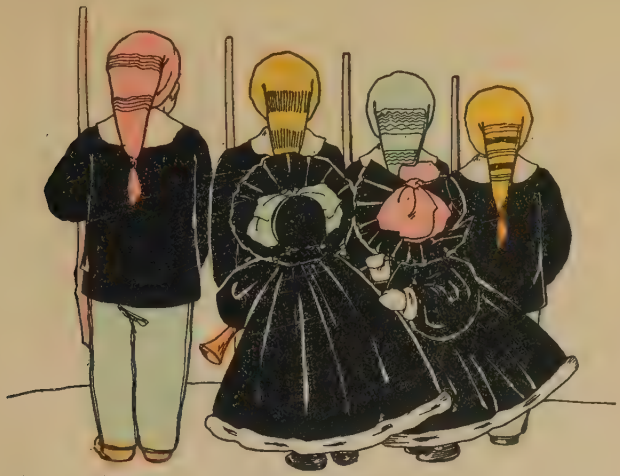
Joe: We will play we are Santa Claus' boys again.

The Battle



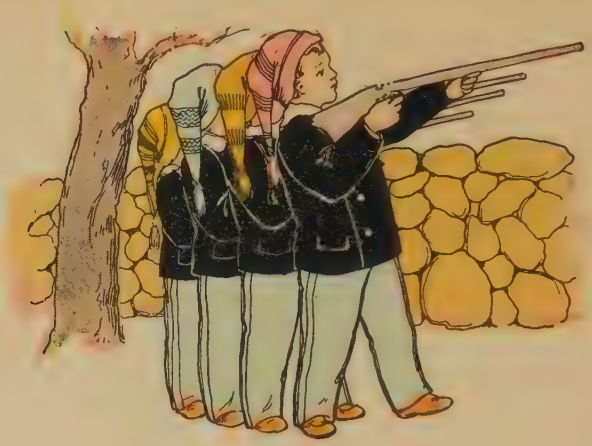
"The Indians are coming!" shouted Captain Jack.
"They are coming to take our farm.
I can hear them in the woods.
We must have a battle.
We must drive the Indians away.
You are brave soldiers.
You are not afraid of Indians.
We will not let them have our farm.

Ready, soldiers!
The band is playing.
Shoulder arms!
Left foot first!
Forward!
March!
One, two! one, two! one, two!"



"The soldiers stood as straight as sticks"

"Halt!" shouted the Captain.
The band stopped playing.
The soldiers stood as straight as sticks.
"Right face!" shouted the Captain again.
Then the soldiers turned toward the woods.
They all turned at the same time.
Oh, how still they were!

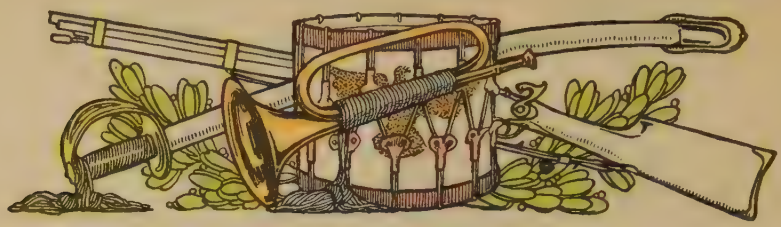


"Fire!"

"The Indians are in those woods."
said Captain Jack.
"The trees are full of them!
Load!
Ready!
Aim!
Fire!"
What a noise there was!
The air was full of smoke.
The soldiers were very brave.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

The soldiers ran nearer.
They lay right down on the ground.
They fired—bang! bang! bang!
The band played—toot! toot! toot!
Then they all marched back to the farm.
The battle was over.
The Indians had run away.
Not one of the soldiers was hurt.

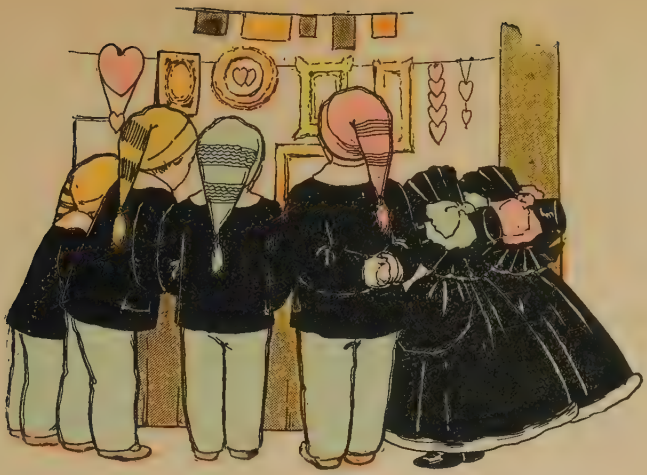


THE SOLDIERS

We are soldiers, one, two, three;
We've a Captain brave;
We are marching far away,
All the world to save.

We've a band that plays—toot! toot!
They're as brave as we;
They will never run away,
No matter what they see.

When we fight our battles big,
Do you think we fear?
No, we march straight for the foe,
And they disappear.



St. Valentine's Day

One morning the house was very still.
Not an Overall Boy could be seen.
Not an Overall Boy could be heard.
Mamma wondered where they all were.
At last she began to hunt for them.
She looked in the parlor.
She looked in the kitchen.
She looked in the yard.
They were not there.
Then she went to the barn.
The boys were not on the hay.
"Where can they be?" thought mamma.
"I will go back to the house. I will go upstairs and look."

"This is what mamma saw"

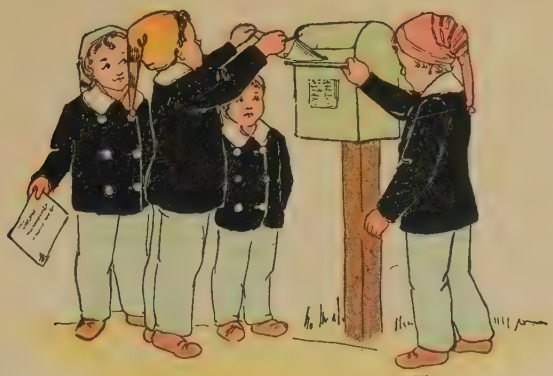
So mamma went upstairs.
She went right to the boys' room.
The door was shut.
She opened it just a little.
She peeped in very quietly.
What do you think she saw?
Little One, Two, Three, and Four
were sitting on the floor.
They were working very hard on
something.
She could not see what it was.

"Oh, boys, what are you doing?" asked mamma.

"I have hunted everywhere for you. Do show me what you are making."

"Oh, no, mamma," said the boys. "We cannot show you. We must not show anybody, but we can tell you just a little about what we are doing. St. Valentine's Day is almost here, you know. We are making valentines, but we must not tell you whom they are for."

"All right," said mamma. "I will not ask to see them again. I know they will be pretty. I hope I shall get one."



"They put the valentines in the post-box"

At last the valentines were done.
There were two of them.
The boys put them in two large, white envelopes.
They wrote a name on the back of each envelope.
They put a stamp on each.
Then they ran to the post-box.
In a minute the valentines were on the way to two somebodies.
The boys would not tell to whom.

"Good-morning, Mr. Postman"

"Good-morning, Mr. Postman," said Molly.

"Good-morning, Mr. Postman," said May.

"Have you any letters for us this morning?"

"Oh, good-morning, my dears," said Mr. Postman.

"Of course I have letters for you. Here is one for Miss Molly, and here is one for Miss May."

"Mine is a valentine"

"Oh, oh! mine is a valentine," said May.

"And mine is a valentine," said Molly.

"Who do you think sent them?"

"I know," said May.

"The Overall Boys sent them. See, here is a picture of Tim and Ted on my valentine."

"And I have a picture of Jack and Joe on mine," said Molly.

The little girls found something else on their valentines.

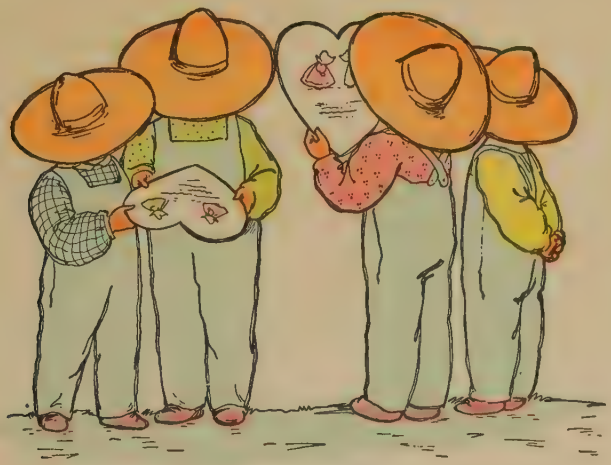
They found a verse written on each.

They read their verses to each other, but they would not let anybody else read them.

So we never shall know what the Overall Boys wrote to the Sunbonnet Babies, but we know something else. We know what the Sunbonnet Babies wrote to the Overall Boys.

We know because we saw it.

We peeped over the boys' shoulders while they were reading it.



"We have some valentines, too"

It was written on two big paper
hearts.
Shall we tell you what it was?
It was this:

"Yes, we will be your valentines,
Forever and a day;
So take these big, red paper
hearts
From Molly and from May."

THE OVERALL BOYS' BRIGADE

E. O. G. CLAYTON THOMAS.

March time. Not too fast.

1. O we are the O-ver-all boys, Look out, for here we come;
2. Round and round a - gain, March-ing all the day;
3. If ev-er you need an-y help, We'll tell you what to do,

March-ing in our trousers blue, Be-hind the beat-ing drum.
Mol - ly trudg-ing aft - er us, And aft - er her is May.
Send for us and we will come, All in our trous-ers blue.

Little slower.

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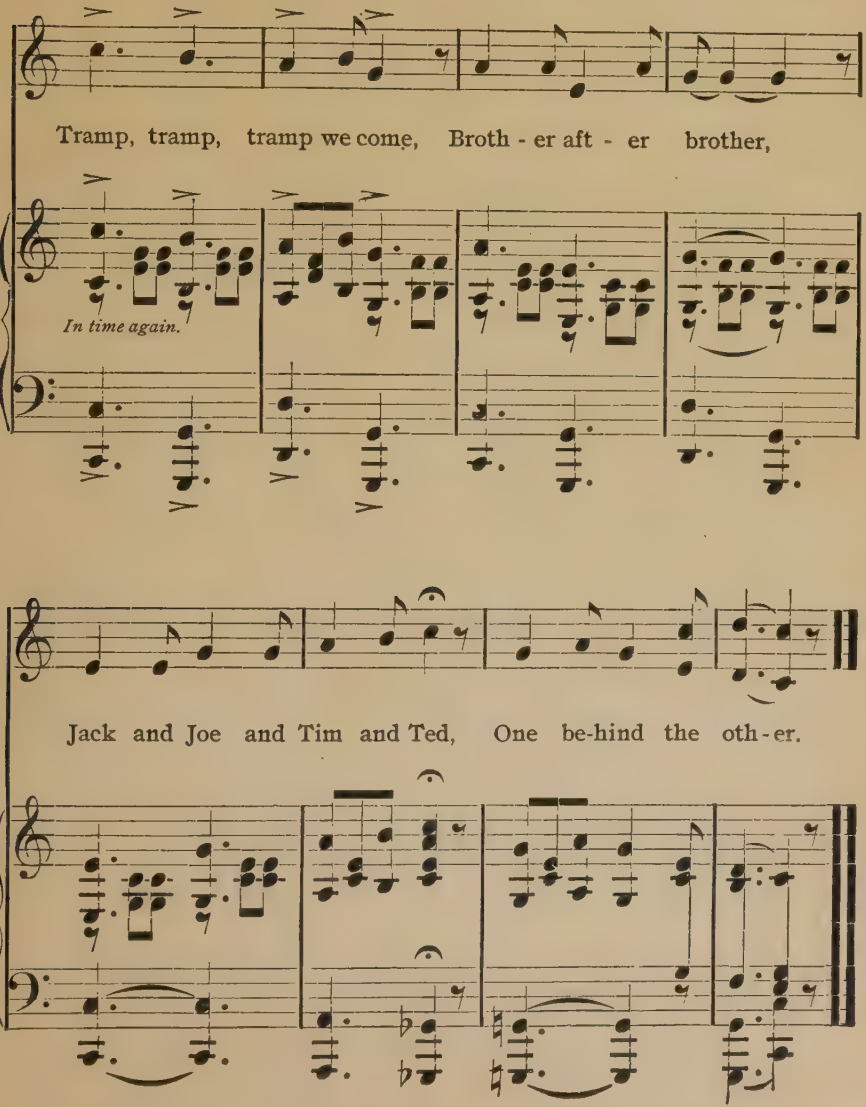

Tramp, tramp, tramp we come, Broth - er aft - er brother,
In time again.
Jack and Joe and Tim and Ted, One be-hind the oth-er.

ABOUT THE BOOK

THE loyal little friends of the Sunbonnet Babies have clamored so loudly for another story that they could not be turned away. So here is a book about the Overall Boys, with Molly and May joining in some of their games.

Opinion as to what constitutes a good reading book for first grade children is united on these two points at least: the lessons should be conversational in style; they should have a continuity unbroken by irrelevant and uninteresting sentences which destroy the delightful anticipation of what is to come next.

The larger part of our education is acquired through our ability to read carefully and thoughtfully and to remember what we have read. But we must not expect the little ones who are struggling with the hieroglyphics of language to be very thoughtful about what they read unless the story enlists their interest and sympathy by its childlike naturalness.

Clark Wissler, in writing of children's reading in our public schools, says: "The long story is better remembered than the short one, as are also those stories which come within the child's experience and which are the most natural and lifelike." It is because I believe this that I am giving to the boys and girls of the first grade another long story, composed of numerous short ones, about the experiences of four happy, natural boys. If the little book has the power to interest the children and to make them read it eagerly and thoughtfully, it will fulfill its mission.

The children's limitations, however, have been remembered. Only 338 words have been used in the book in addition to those with which they are already familiar through "The Sunbonnet Babies' Reader."

If any pleasure or benefit is derived from the book, thanks must be given to the scores of little people who plead for a story and even suggested what it should be about.

EULALIE OSGOOD GROVER.

Chicago, November, 1904.

A WORD LIST

This list includes all the words used in "The Overall Boys" which have not been used in "The Sunbonnet Babies' Reader." In order to make the list of greater value to the teacher, the words are arranged not alphabetically, but by pages in the order of their appearance. Pages not indicated contain no new words.

Page 5
overall

6
work
sorts
noise

7
Joe
Tim
Ted

8
called
real
names
always
wear
hats
house
farm
world

9
first
build
which

10
show
cows
horses
hundreds
black
farmer-boys

12
wake
o'clock
shining
men
carry
pails
never

13
was
minutes
stairs
steps
could
only
shouting
dear

15
moo-oo
stop

16
straight
still
even
whisper
climbed
box
fence
bit

17
over
smart
awake
once
hungry
early

18
feed
pasture
Bob

19
went
hillside
beautiful
soon
green
grass
clover
ate
river

20
hurry
late
cried
bad

21
hay

22
meadow

23
summer
riding
hitched
wagon

24
mowing-machine
mow
been
twice
tossing
cut
smells

25
sure

26
raking
side
when
heard
built
tall
mouths
open

27
might
killed
won't
hurt
enough

28
ready
haycocks
treading
next

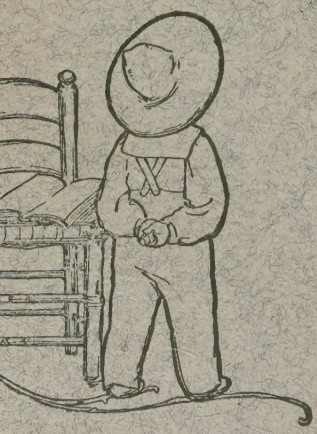
29
pack

A WISH

I wish I could live in the land of books,
With all the Kings and Queens and Cooks,
With Molly and May in their bonnets blue
And perhaps an Overall Boy or two.

Is there

You've told me stories
And the Boys in
But these I've read
Now what am I



another?

of Molly and May
trousers blue,
from end to end—
going to do?